I lay there daydreaming. Scenes of the past days unrolled before me. A crowd clamored at my feet, all the faces beaming with faith and joy. And, both in the crowd and standing on the platform high above it, I saw myself. I recognized my reddish hair and glinting glasses. A moment later the same face appeared at another place in the crowd. Then I saw an ocean of heads and faces, tossing about like waves in a storm. My glasses emerged here and there in the whirlpool.

I saw the University hall, the broad staircase, the crowd flowing like a stream, jubilant, confident, united. Again I saw myself in the crowd, vaguely recognizable by the hair and glasses, without any other individual features—just a drop in the stream.

The walls of the University spread wider and disappeared. I saw a street but could not identify it—it was so wide that buildings along the sidewalks were in a haze. In the street seethed a joyous, singing crowd, a seemingly irresistible human torrent carried along by the same enthusiasm and faith. Here and there the torrent was blocked by some invisible obstacle. A foaming whirlpool of human bodies developed, then the torrent resumed its flow. Then there was no longer a street, but a borderless plain, and all around were faces. Among them I recognized myself and persons I had met during the past three months without knowing their names, those who had applauded me and those who had ambushed me at a small railroad station, threatening to kill me, ready to gouge out my eyes.

And suddenly I realized that what I was seeing as I lay on the cot, dizzy and detached, was the revolution: the transfiguration of persons brought together by a power immeasurably stronger than human will. I felt I must describe what I saw, but I did not know how to begin. Perhaps I could just recall, step by step, what I had lived through. . . .

When I asked the guard for paper and pencil, he went away and soon returned with a bottle of ink, a pen, and a form for application to the superintendent. I explained to him that I wanted paper to write something for myself. He closed the window in the door and soon reappeared with an answer. "Until the investigation is completed, the prisoner may write only to the investigating authorities and the superintendent."

Again I lay on the cot, overwhelmed by my vision. Perhaps I could write without paper?

As a boy, I had usually scribbled brief notes each night on what I had read during the day: the title of the book, the name of the author, the number of pages, what I thought of the book and had learned from it. Sometimes, however, it was late when I stopped reading, and I went to bed without completing my daily record.